

them – so, a keyboard player could play guitar, trombone, flute, whatever. Dave Sinclair was a master, and coaxed a unique and amazing series of soaring keyboard solos from his Mellotron. I understand they broke down with alarming frequency, and quickly fell out of favor once synthesizers were able to do more than the GameBoy-cum-air-raid-siren crap sound that Keith Emerson popularized. But I digress.

Caravan produced a slew of subsequent albums. Immediately following *Grey and Pink* was *Waterloo Lily*, with Steve Miller (not *the* Steve Miller) on keyboards, when Richard Sinclair departed to join Hatfield and the North and David Sinclair left to form the short-lived Matching Mole, which was the Anglicized pronunciation of the French form of the name of Sinclair’s first band, Soft Machine – *Machine Molle* in French – but again I digress. *Waterloo Lily* was, sad to say, something of a letdown.

Their fifth album, *For Girls Who Grow Plump in the Night*, featured David Sinclair’s return with a passion (and a real synthesizer), and the addition of Geoff Richardson on violin and viola, which gelled the Caravan sound for the remainder of the 70s, through albums like *Cunning Stunts* and *Blind Dog at St. Dunstan’s*. They toured relentlessly throughout that period, and though I saw them several times, they never performed anything from *Grey and Pink*, much to my disappointment. Caravan continues to tour and record to this day, with a lineup featuring Hastings, Coughlan, Richardson, David Sinclair, and a cadre of revolving side musicians. Their most recent releases include a studio set (*All Over You*) in 1996 and a live release (*Canterbury Comes To London/Live From The Astoria*) in 1997.

After lo these many years, a lot of my former record collection, including many of those that once occupied the Desert Island Playlist, are rotting away, down there in the landfill with the Earth Shoes and the mood rings, but *In the Land of Grey and Pink*, three vinyl copies and finally an indestructible CD version later, still tops my list. I really wanted to use this installment of the column to review more of my Desert Island Playlist (like Brian Protheroe’s *Pinball*, or Valerie Carter’s *Wild Child*, or The Good Rats’ *Tasty*, or ...), but as usual, my ambition has exceeded my actual inch allotment (story of my life!), so I’m going to have to utilize another avenue – online publishing! At the time of this writing, I am working on a major overhaul of www.revelwood.org, and I plan to add a section where I can spout this nonsense at will. As I said in the initial installment of *Rodney Reviews*, I don’t fancy myself a reviewer, really, I just appreciate any opportunity to foist my tastes and opinions on other people, regardless of their validity! So look for *Rodney Reviews Online*, and the rest of my Desert Island Playlist on a web site near you.

If you’d like to share *your* Desert Island Playlist with the world (or at least with our strange little corner of it), please send it to me via e-mail (rodney@revelwood.org) or to the snail mail address on the back cover, and I’ll post it in the upcoming *Rodney Reviews* section of the Revelwood web site.

... ‘til next time,

BR



SCHLAGER FEST II

Heathcliff, Melita and the Cutting Crew enjoyed a beautiful day of thrusting and parrying at the Schlager Fest II Tournament. Nigel of Castle West won, but it is wondered why he chose to attend incognito. Dressed as a simple peasant, his title of Marquis was mysteriously concealed by this non-flamboyant garb. Is there treachery afoot? Whispers in the shadows? Stay tuned.